DIVINITY AND MORALITY IN ROBES OF POETRY:

Compoſed for the Recreations of the Courteous and Ingenious.

By the Author *Tho. Fordan.*

Quod meus hortus habet, ſumas impunè licebit,
Si dederis nobis, quod tuus hortus habet.

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DIVINITY AND MORALITY IN ROBES OF POETRY.

A Sacred New-yeares Gift;

Dedicated unto all Lovers of Chriſtianity, Profeſſors of Piety, and Moral Honeſty.

Preambulation.

IF pious Gifts (by curious diſquiſition)
Prove not the Badg of antique Superſtition;
Or if a *Rhyme*, reduc'd to holy *Reaſon*,
May be allovv'd to celebrate the ſeaſon,
And find admiſſion in a noble heart,
As much as they, vvhoſe *Riches* can impart
Gold of *Peru*, or thoſe admired vvorks,
That ſpread the Tables of Triumphant *Turks*.

I hope the low *Oblation* of a friend
(That only makes your fair eſteem his end)
May find (as it deſerves) more grace then he
Whoſe bounty is a Baud to *treachery*:
My gift is made of *Wiſhes*, ſuch as may
(If granted) live with you, when night and day
Admit of no diſtinction: perfect bliſs
Is now my Theam, and that I wiſh is this.

The New years Gift.

A New Soul blanch'd in ſin-diſſolving tears,
And pious promiſes for future years,
Poſſeſs your mortal Manſion, may no Times
Witneſs the guilt of our re-acted crimes:
May you diſband your boſom Sins, and be
Aton'd with God's immortal Monarchy:
Although each day ye pay (in ſighs and groans)
Your penitential contributions:
May the red Rain vvhich our rude vvrath let fall
In num'rous ſhowres of vengeance National,
Be all waſh'd out, and may *Religions fame*
In England, bear but one celeſtial Name:
May all thoſe deſperate diſtinctions that
Have made our Iſland much unfortunate,
Be ſo compoſed by Religious Laws,
That rigour may no more diſpute the Cauſe:
For (I confeſs to my intelligence,
That hath relation but to common ſenſe)

It

It is a *Paradox*, that all the *wiſe*
Holy and *Learned* in large Miſteries,
Of *Church* and *State*, that in convention ſit
Crown'd with the Genius of a Nation's wit,
With all the aids that *Art* and *Nature* can
Contract within the circuit of man,
Should ſlight the *Helm* and let the peoples fate
Be left unto the rageing ſtormes of *ſtate*;
Such is a *Civil War*, whoſe fury vents
Artillery, inſtead of *Arguments*;
As if the *Holy Ghoſt* (Spirit of *Love*)
That once deſcended like a *Turtle Dove*:
Should now reſigne his *function*, and appeare
Like a devouring *Vulture*: may this yeare
Regiſter no ſuch Apparitions, but
May all tranquility (that *God* e're put
Into the Power of *Union*, on a *Nation*
Receiv'd to *Grace* by true *Humiliation*)
Fall on your *Soules*, may a New Spring of tears
Renew your *Graces*, *Health*, *Wealth*, *Beauty*, *Years*:
And may your fair Poſterity nere know
The wild Confuſion of our moderne woe;
May *Peace* and *verity* (conjoyn'd in *Glory*)
Crown the *Concluſion* of our *tragick Story*,
May *Schiſm* ſink, and *Truth* be held ſupream,
(Whoſe Robe of *Sanctity* hath nere a *ſeam*)
And let that *foole* which well deſerves the *Rod*,
For *ſaying in his heart there is no God*;
Be better principl'd, for he ſpeakes Treaſon,
Not onely 'gainſt *Religion* but *Reaſon*:

May the groſs miſts of error be diſpel'd,
That curious *hereſies* (ſo hotly held)
May be diſplay'd, for then the radiant *Beams*
Of *righteouſneſs* vvill diſſipate their *dreams*.
Let nothing enter in your hearts, but vvhat
The *Holy Spirit* doth communicate
By ſacred *Law* and *Goſpel*; vvhat is vvrit
In them, vve muſt obey, vvhat not, omit:
May you be charitable, yet live free
From any *Popiſh cenſure*; may you be
Fil'd with firm *faith*, not that vvhich yeelds the *Turks*
Preheminence, before ye in *good werks*:
May you believe, God's ſtock of mercy is
Larger then all mens crimes, yet let not this
Poſſeſs ye vvith ſuch vvarrant of ſalvation,
To think *one ſin* may not deſtroy a Nation:
May you believe that the *Apoſtles Creed*
(Which ſome late *Noveliſts* forbear to read)
Is of ſuch povver, that you vvithout it are
Farther from bliſs, then Saints from *Civil War*.
Let God's ovvn *Prayer* be your daily *task*,
For it contains all that vve ought to ask:
Thoſe deprecations ſum up every *want*,
And vvhatſoever *God* is pleas'd to grant:
Sure that Petition cannot be ill vvrit,
When he that *made* it, means to *anſwer* it.
Let the bright *Goſpels* Expoſition be
A *Lock* and *Key* to its ovvn myſtery:
What Scripture hath begun, let Scripture finiſh,
Who comments *falſe*, doth both *add* and *diminiſh*;

Which

Which is a fearful *crime*, may you be free
From ſuch tranſgreſſion, may *Divinity*
Illuminate your Intellect; may no
Fallacious diſputations overthrow
The Pillars of your Piety, or make
The Fundamentals of your Faith to ſhake.
When theſe *effects* (for which I pray) appear,
You will confeſs it is a good *New-year*;
For if all come to paſs which I have ſaid,
'Tis the beſt *New years-Gift* that e're you had.

On forgetfulneſs in holy Duties.

Forgetfulneſs can be no Plea for folly,
For God commands, *Remember thou keep holy.*

On the Heart.

OUr God requireth the *whole heart*, or none,
And yet he will accept a *Broken one.*

On raſh Judgment.

CAll not thy Brother *Reprobate*, for ſure
Where *God* will *heal*, there is no wound *paſt cure.*

On an Evil Tongue.

THe *Tongue* as wel as *Hand*, deep wounds affords,
Ther's but one *Letter* betwixt *Swords* and *words.*

A Dialogue betwixt the Flesh, *and the* Spirit.

Fle. COme prethee leave this reading; let me hear
Some jests, or wanton *tales*, then shall my ear
Be link'd unto your Oratory, now
I am so dull, and drowsie, that (I vow)
I can no more give audience, what dost call
This *petty Book*, thou art so pleas'd withall?
(*Spi.*) It is the cure of *souls*, and it contains
Our *life* or *death*, our *glory*, or our *pains*.
Here's the great *Law of God*, where man may view
What he ought most to covet, most eschew;
The *glass of purity*, where mighty *Kings*
Behold their bodies to be earthen things;
And (with the wisest wise man) lowdly cry,
All worldly *honors* are but vanity:
Here is thy first *Creation*, where 'tis shown
How thou and I first met, and joyn'd in one;
This shews the state we liv'd in, how we were
Blest with the plenty of a pregnant year
The Husbandman nere toyl'd for: there we knew
No *hate*, no *strife*, nor where black *Malice* grew:
We had no envious Neighbours, but were free
From doing, or receiving injury;
The *Beasts* were made your *subjects*; and as true
Unto each other, as they were to you:
They had no Civil Wars, no envy neither,
For *Wolves* & *Lambs* might eat their meat together:

They

They liv'd ſecure within their proper *holes*,
And *Lions* did diſdain to tread on *Moles*:
This was thy *Paradiſe*, where all was free
Unto thy uſe, but one excluded *Tree*;
Where thou hadſt liv'd till now, had *Gods* Command
Prevail'd with thee before the womans hand:
Under what *miſery* doth poor man groan,
When as the *fleſh* muſt ſuffer for the *bone*?
This is the *Bible* which I *read*; by this
I hope to tread the perfect path to *bliſs*.

Fle. What kind of *bliſs* I pray?

Spi. *Heaven*.

Fle. What's that?

Spi. A *City* built for the *Regenerate*:
So ſcituate, that neither *Sun* nor *Moon*
Need *riſe* or *ſet* to make it *night* or *noon*:
They both are uſeleſs, *light* and *brightneſs* there,
Are not confin'd in *Centre*, or in *Sphere*:
Each *Angel's* face is more reſplendent fair,
Then *Phœbus* when he guilds the Weſtern Ayr:
The ſacred Citizens do never fear
The furious famine of a fruitleſs year,
They live in ſuch ſweet *plenty*; and where none
Need fly the City from *infection*;
Ther's no defraud, no greedy *great man* plyes
The good *Kings* ear for baſe Monopolies,
For his peculiar gain; the poorer ſort
Nere ſuffer for the Riot of the Court.
This is that place of Bliſs, who more would know,
Muſt firſt crave *Faith*, he may believe it ſo:

The

Fle. The place is fraught with *Glory*; there is more
Eſſential joy, then I e're heard before:
But, tell me one thing (pray) May we not there
Enjoy our *Miſtriſſes*, as we do here?
Kiſs and *imbrace* them? May we not *drink* high?
Swagger and *roar*?

Spi. No, 'tis Impiety.
'Tis that which ruines Earth; when you are there
You'l feel no ſpark of ſuch prophane deſire,
That's no true heaven, but a fained one,
By *Mahomet* in his black *Alcoran*.

Fle. Thou know'ſt (dear Spirit) that I long have lov'd
Fair *Jeſabel*.

Spi. An Harlot moſt ayprov'd.

Fle. A ſweet unblemiſh'd *Beauty*, in each eye
An *Angel* ſits.

Spi. Beware *Idolatry*.

Fle. Shall I not meet her there?

Spi. Yes, if from me
Ye both will take advice.

Fle. Moſt willingly.

Spi. Repent.

Fle. What's that?

Spi. A thing ye both muſt know;
Or els nor you, nor ſhe can thither go:
Joyn both your hands, then (with as great deſire
As e're ye met) *disjoyn*, *part*, and *retire*:
Weep, *ſigh*, and wring your hands, not that ye part,
But 'cauſe ye met together.

Fle. Oh! my heart!

Spi. It

Spi. It muſt be done, then to your Chambers goe
To *Kneele*, and *Pray* ye may continue ſo;
Now ſhe ſeems fair, but then you'l think her fowle
As is an *Ethiop*, both in face and Soul.

Fle. Not for a thouſand worlds, theſe Eyes I weare
I cheriſh, 'cauſe they tell me ſhe is faire;
For nothing I adore th' Omnipotence
Of my *Creator*, more then this one ſence,
Which ſhewes her Beauty, and ſo much I prize,
That I could wiſh all ſences e'ls were *Eyes*:
Had *Argus* ſeen this *object*, *Sleep* had never
Gave *Hermes* power to make him ſleep for ever:
Not though his *oaten reed* were as acute,
In *Art* and ſweetneſs as *Apollo's* Lute;
When underneath his lovely *Daphne* he
Sate ſweetly warbling forth her *Elegie*.

Spi. *He* vvhom you do adore, for that one *ſence*
Diſpos'd it not unto that *End*, from thence
Nere came an ill *effect*, He nere gave eyes
To be adult'rate vvith *Idolatryes*.

Fle. Novv let thy reſolution be as free
To *anſwer* one thing I ſhall *queſtion* thee;
I'le tell thee hovv thy *Connſell* thrives.

Spi. Say on,
I freely grant thee my attention.

Fle. 'Tis thus then, may not ſome familiar friend
Conveigh my mind in *Letters*?

Spi. To vvhat end?
'Tis ill to think on her, vvould you reveale
Your ſinfull thoughts, under your *Hand* and *Seale*?

Thinke

Think (when you are a happy *Convert*) how
The fatal *Legend* will diſcourage you.
Fle. Then *Ieſabel* farewel; Oh! how her Name
Creates in me an unexpiring flame,
'Tis a ſtrange Riddle I ſhould part with thee,
And from thy preſence find felicity,
A thing I will not credit, therefore ceaſe
Vain *Spirit*; ſo to interrupt the peace
'Twixt me and my fair *Love*, I will be gone
To reunite my firſt *affection*:
Tell *fools* your tales of *heaven*, all is *hell*,
That doth not appertain to *Ieſabel*.

Spirit alone.

THus am I daily hurried to and fro,
From vice to vice, ſtill am I forc'd to go
With him to each lewd practiſe, Thou whoſe might
Is moſt *Omnipotent* and *infinite*,
Send me a guard of vertues, ſuch as are
Perfect, and powerful for a Civil War.
Faith, thou ſhalt be my *General*, and lead
My warlike *Troops*, thou on ſure ground doſt tread:
Let us march on then, *victory* is ſure,
When as the *Lord of Hoſts* makes all ſecure;
Prepare thee *Fleſh*, I come to war, not woo,
Although thou bring the *world* and *Divel* too;
And e're this ſacred *Battel* we conclude,
Thy *might*, or *mine*, or *both*, ſhall be ſubdu'd.

An

An Acroſtich on my very worthy friend
Mr. MARKE WARD.

M ay all the real joys that can appear
W ithin the Circle of the next new year
A ttend your wiſh; may no true pleaſures be
A bove the reach of your capacity:
R eligion guard your Conſcience, may your health
R epleniſh; may you wallow in your *Wealth*:
K nowledg ſupport you, may you never vow
D ivided *Love*; and whenſoever you
E nter the Liſt of Wedlock; may that prize
Be *loving, vertuous, young, rich, fair*, and *wiſe*.

An Epitaph in an Acroſtich, compoſed on the Name of his vertuous Siſter Mrs. Joane Ward.

J n this plain piece of humble earth lies one,
W hom no unworthy feet ſhould tread upon,
O ne whoſe chaſt life did very much improve
A *Daughters* duty, and a *Siſters* love:
A lmighty God was ſtill her contemplation,
R eligion was her daily recreation;
N othing came in her Maiden thoughts that cou'd
D efile the Fountain of her Virgin Blood;
E ternal joys contain her now; let's then
Mourn, until we meet with her agen.

An

An Elegiack, in a double Acroſtich, ſacred to the memory of the moſt truly vertuous
Mrs. MARGARET JESSOP,
VVife to the much honoured
WILLIAM JESSOP Eſq.
who deceaſed the firſt of
November, 1651.

M ourn, or depart, for they whoſe cheeks be dry,
Are not for our confluent Compan I
A ll that we talk is *tears*; and when we ſee
One *ſmile*, we look upon't like Hereſi E
R eader, within this Marble Manſion lyes
A motive would make tears in Tyrants eye S
G rief would becom their Miſtriſs, they would dreſs
Themſelves in nothing but unhappineſ S
A ll the ſmall vertues *God* did e're beſtow
On Woman-kind, lyes here in Foli O
R eligion was her *Pilot*, and her prop,
From whoſe ſententious tongue did always dro P
E ternal *Language*; ſuch as Angels ſip
In *ſighs* and *Prayers* from a Convert's Li P
T o ſpeak her larger, he that further dives,
Muſt Summon in all the Superlatives.

The CHARACTER *of a Corrupt* STATES-MAN, *that is ſolely devoted to* Selfe-Ends, *But pretends to* Piety.

A *Corrupt Statiſt* is a thing in whom
There is contract all *Evill* that can come:
The ſoule of *Satan* in a *Saint's* diſguiſe,
The grand *Elixir* of *Hypocriſies*:
The ſecret *Iſſue* of long-lurking *ſpight*,
The *Prince* of *darkneſſe* in a robe of *light*.
His tongue is tipt with *Mercy*, but his Maw
(If he be mov'd) diſgorgeth *Golgotha*:
He is the *root* of *Ruine*, Miſchief's *Mint*,
The *Alcharon* put in *Geneva* print;
The ſaddeſt object *Peace* can fix her eyes on,
Whoſe *Prayers* are *Piſtolls*, and his *Tears* are *Poyſon*;
He hath (if the old Maxime doe not miſſe)
Judas his *ſoule* by *Metempſychoſis*:
And (that it may profoundly be undone)
Can *kiſſe* a Country to *confuſion*:
To that point where Ambition doth conduct,
All *Evil* ſhall aſſiſt, no *Blood* obſtruct:
He is the Peoples *Servant* in eſteem,
But (in effect) they are all *Slaves* to him:
He hath a vayle to varniſh every vice
He doth commit, but monſtrous *Avarice*;
That ſin is ſo gygantick, all his wit
(Put in pretences) cannot cover it:

As *Æſop's Cat* transform,d into a *Maid*,
Sate fimpering at Supper, unbetray'd,
Till (by unuſuall chance) a *Mouſe* ſhe ſaw
Croſſe ore the Board, then ſhe began to claw:
So is his nature ſleek'd with ſoft applauſe,
Till *Pride* or *Profit* make him ſpread his *Pawes*:
From him all ſly *diſſimulations* iſſue,
His *loyns* bear *Sack-cloth* when his *heart* wears *tiſſue*.
He ſeemes to *pray* and unto *God* alone,
Though (in his heart) he doth beleeve there's none.
Where he bears *rule*, that *Nation* needs no *Rod*,
He is a *Devill* in the *Name of God*.
Attend, and you ſhall heare him (though in brief)
Rehearſe the *Articles* of his *Belief*.

The Politician in Perſon.

Greatneſſe is *ſummum bonum*; to be high
Tempted the *Angels* in their *Clarity*
(Creatures to whom the *Sun* is but a *Shade*
Before that *Sin* had *Birth*, or *Man* was *made*)
Nor could this luſt of optimacy miſſe
Innocent *Adam* in his *Geneſis*;
Then though our blóud to *Thrones* cannot advance,
We have *Ambition* by inheritance:
If to be *Great* be the beſt thing we know,
No *Actions* are amiſs that make us ſo;
Since to be *High* is that all men intend,
No matter by what ſteps we do aſcend.

That

That Man that hates a riſing *States-man*, would
O're-top his higheſt Neighbours if he could,
And cares not if vaſt *Families* do fade
By him with *Suits of Law* and tricks in *Trade*:
He will ſeize *Houſes* though he can't take *Townes*,
'Tis the ſame *Crime* for *Compters* as for *Crownes*:
A *Princes Throne* is chain'd as much to chance,
As is the meaneſt Mat's inheritance.
Nature it ſelfe, our moſt indulgent Mother,
Doth *ruine* one thing to *erect* another;
Obſerve the *flux* and *reflux* of the Ocean,
Progreſſe and regreſſe are the ſoule of motion:
Can it be ill to climbe the *higheſt* ſeat,
Since Men are *Good*, on purpoſe to be *Great*?
Why ſhould thoſe *Cauſes* merit our neglect
Whoſe ſubtile *ſeries* reach to the *effect*?
Or if our fortunes would not have us *high*,
Why then doe all Concurrences comply?
If it be not the *deſtiny*'s intents
To make us *Great*, why have we great *Events*?
Councils, and *Armes*, in ſtrange *Meanders* flow,
Yet meet, ſure *Providence* would have it ſo:
Though *Mariners* can *Ship* and *Tackling* finde
Fit to ſet Saile, they cannot raiſe a *Winde*:
The *Gameſter* boldly doth his hand advance
To throw the *Die*, but cannot guide the Chance:
This (well premiſed) what is done, muſt be
By an inevitable *Deſtinie*;

The wiſeſt man that ever was writes thus
In his ſublime *Eccleſiaſticus*:
Ecclus. 1.5.
How many Kings have on the ground ſat down,
And one ne're thought upon hath worn the Crowne?
How comes it then to be a *lineall Function*,
By *right of Bloud* made conſecrate with *Unction*?
This trick was hatch'd by ſome great *Monarch*'s Mi-
To blind the world, but I am of opinion (nion
None doth more fitly fill a Chaire of State,
Than he that is anoynted by his Fate.

The Author.

THis is his *Creed*, and all that do oppoſe
This (although *God* and *Angels*) are his *Foes*;
But ſtay (if Fanſie faile not) ſure I ſee
A reverend *Doctor in Theologie*,
Approach his *Preſence*, who doth look upon
His *Pride*, with holy indignation:
If he do ſpeak to him, we ſoon ſhall ſee
How *Policy* and *Piety* agree.

The Doctor.

PRoud *Polititian*, whither wilt thou flye
With thy imperious *Impiety*?
Doſt think a Cable made of twiſted ſands
Can Anchor thee againſt *Almighty* hands?

Dar'ſt thou believe thy *Machivillian* Arts
Can vaile thee from the *ſearcher* of all Hearts?
He doth make war againſt *Gods* ſacred ſeat,
Who treads upon the good to make him *Great*:
The *Civil War of Heaven* did foretell,
Men ſhall not *riſe* by that which *Angels fell*:
Methinks thoſe *Powers* thy ſtrength hath over-(thrown,
Should tell thee ſo obnoxious are thy own;
What man is he that can in ſuch Seas ſwim,
Where one or other dares not follow him,
And ſink him too? In our Morality
We take it for an *Axiom*, that he
Who pulls *Superiors* down, to raiſe his *fame*,
Shewes his own *Servants* how to doe the ſame:
If this will not ſuffice, but ſtill your eye
Mounts to (that *Sphere* of Miſchief) *Majeſty*;
Look on *Eternity*, and well reviſe
The vile Gradations, which make ſuch men riſe:
The uſuall ſteps of *Corrupt States-men* are
Envy, *Pride*, *Wealth*, *Hypocriſie*, and *Warre*,
Covetouſneſſe, *Oppreſſion*, *Tyranny*:
And all theſe cemented with *Perjury*,
Painted with *Piety*, but how they are
In oppoſition, *Scripture* will declare.

Envy.

James 3. 16.

WHere *Envy* and ſeditious ſtrife doth lurk,
Confuſion is, and every evill work.

James 3. 17:

The wiſeome that deſcendeth from *Above*
Is fill'd with *Peace*, with *Purity*, and *Love*:

James 3. 15.

Envy, *Strife*, *Malice*, though they ſerve your wiſh,
Are *earthly*, *ſenſuall*, and *deviliſh*.

Pride.

Porverbs 16.19.

AN *humble ſpirit* better is allow'd
Than to divide a *rich ſpoile* with the *proud*.

Ecclus. 10.12.

When *Man* begins to make *Pride* his *Partaker*,
He doth depart from *God*, turne from his *Maker*.

Prov. 10. 18.

When fierce *deſtruction* followes to *Hell-gate*,
Pride doth moſt commonly preambulate.

Riches.

Prov. 23.4. *Luke* 16.13.

LAbour not to be *rich*, *Wealth* is a rod,
You cannot ſerve at once *Mammon* and *God*.

1 *John* 2.15.

The Love of God doth not in that ſoule move,
Who for this *World* forſakes the *God of Love*.

Luke 6 24.

Wo to yee *Rich*, where will yee ſeek *Salvation*,
When God ſayes yee have had your Conſolation?

Hypocriſie.

Hypocriſie.

Math: 23.27.

WO to you *Hypocrites* whoſe ſin appeares
Like dead mens bones in ſilver Sepulchers.

Mathew 23.

I ſend yee *Prophets* but you doe bely 'um,
And with your *Power, kill, Scourge*, and *crucifie* 'um.

Mathew 23.33.

Yee Serpents, *Vipers*, how can yee expell
The *wrath of God*, and free your ſoules from *Hell*?

Warre.

James 4.1.

FRom whence comes *War* and *Wrath*? are they not
Of lawleſs *luſts* that war within your members?

Prov. 16.32.

That man hath more of *Wiſdome*, *Power*, and *Pity*,
Who rules his wrath, than he that takes a City.

Prov. 28.17.

He that doth violence unto the *bloud*
Of any man, ſhall periſh in the *flond*.

Covetouſneſſe.

1 *Theſ.* 2.5.

PAul calls God witneſſe that he never ſpoke
VVith flattering words, nor wore a *Covetous* (Cloak

Eccles. 10.9.

A *Covetous* man doth in all Evills rowle,
For such a one makes sale of his owne *soule.*

1 *Cor.* 6. 10.

When God will execute without Reprieves,
He puts the *Covetous* among the *Thieves.*

Oppression.

*Prov.*22.2. and 23.10.

ROb not the *Poore*, nor *grieved soule oppresse*,
And doe not take *Fields* from the *Fatherlesse.*

1 *Thes.*4 6.

He that will goe beyond, or doth defraud
His *Brother*, is by God himselfe out law'd.

*Malac.*3.5.

God will destroy that *Soul* which takes delight
To turn away the *Stranger* from his *right.*

Tyranny.

Pro. 28.15.

UNrighteous *Rulers*, holy writ compares
To roaring *Lyons* and to ranging *Beares.*

*Prov.*29.2.

The People joy when men rule with compassion,
But wicked *Magistrates* destroy a Nation.

*Prov.*30.22 23.

Two things there are which make the Earth to groan,
A *fatted foole*, A *Servant* in the *Throan.*

Perjury.

Perjurie.

Leviticus 19.12.

THou ſhalt not make thy *Makers name* to be
A *Covenant* to cover falſitie.

Deut. 23.21.

When thou wouldſt vow a vow to *God*, firſt weigh it,
Then (though it be unto thy loſs) obey it.

*Zech.*5 4.1.4.

Good *Zechariah* (in the *flying Roll*)
Saw that the *perjur'd* Man would loſe his *ſoule*.

The Doctor.

THus have I ſhewn the nature of thoſe ſinnes
That move his imploration, who begins
To wear forbidden *Purple*, without theſe
He cannot ſayl thorough the ſwelling ſeas
Of *Princes Power*, and Popular applauſe;
For though he beare *Religion* and the *Lawes*
In his *Main top*, yet ſhall his *Anchor* be
Caſt in the ooes of ſelf-ſecurity.
Envy ſtirrs us, *Pride* prompts, *Riches* invite,
Hypocriſie calls *faction* to the fight.
Warre wins the victory. *Covetouſneſſe*
Sayes ye muſt *begger* thoſe whom ye *ſuppreſs*.
Oppreſſion, and grim *Tyranny* proclaime
A legall Conqueſt in the victors *Name*,
Which *Perjurie* will juſtifie, this tract
Doth lead him to the end of the fourth Act:

What

What ſhall enſue, that Power can onely tell (*Hell.*
Whoſe *Love*, and *Vengeance* doth fill *Heav'n* and

The Author.

A Sad Concluſion if this Compoſition
Be the *ingredients* of a *Poltitian*;
Lord let my *ſpirit* flye with humble wings,
And I ſhall be able to *pity Kings.*

On Ambition.

WHen bold *Ambition* ſeeks a Nation's ruine,
Pride little thinks what *vengeance* is a brew-
(ing.

On Peace.

THe *People* cry aloud when warres encreaſe,
They muſt needs *cry* that cannot *hold their peace.*

On theſe Civill Warres.

GO D is the *Potter*, we the *Pots*, dear Brother,
'Tis *ſin* that breaks us one againſt another.

On our Saviour, his being called the Carpenter.

CHriſt was, they ſay, a *Carpenter* by birth,
But a great *Workman*; He built *Heaven* & *Earth.*

A Paraphraſe upon the Pater Noſter,

PRotect us, Lord, from that prophane Impoſter,
That would perſwade us from our *Pater noſter*

In what a wretched State that Common-weale is,
That is miſ-led from thee *Qui es in Cælis*,

Chriſt's *Spouſe* is lovely, *Chriſtians* ſhould intreat her
With *ſighs*, not *ſwords*, and ſing — *Sanctificetur*

Who ſo prevaricate from this endue'um,
Good Lord, with *Grace* to worſhip — *Nomen tuum.*

Great *Common-Wealths* muſt fall if thou purſue 'um,
When *States* diſpleaſe thee — *Veniat Regnum tuum.*

VVhat private Plots, or publike Power dare flye at
The *Lord of Hoſts?* whoſe battaile-word is — *Fiat*

VVhat is mans ſtrength if thou doſt not renew a
Right heart in him to do — *Voluntas tua*,

VVe are but *Men*, none but an *Angel's* fellow
Can lead a life on Earth — *Sicut in Cælo*,

The *Pious Poore* complain, they who refreſh 'am,
Shall, when they want, from thee have — *ita etiam*

The

He that would *Heaven* gaine muſt not defer a
Work of ſuch Piety, whilſt hee's — *In terra.*

Thy Saints are ſuccourleſſe, unleſſe we foſter 'um,
How can we beg at thy hands — *Panem noſtrum*

Nor let us hate our *Enemies*, but gaine 'um
With acts of worthineſs — *Quotidianum*

Though men afflict us both in Soule and Bodie,
Yet Lord, thy ſuſtenance — *Da nobis hodie,*

Truth dwells not alwayes where the Purple Robe is,
Then grant us mercy — *Et remitte nobis*

We all have felt thy ſtroaks, but who dares foſter a
Miſ-apprehenſion? 'Tis not — *Debita noſtra,*

Oh! Let the Enemies no longer croſs
The *truth*, but mend their lives — *Sicut & nos*

Let us no longer be afflicted thus,
But let our foes proclaime — *Remittimus*

Free our obliged Lands where each impoſtor is
Maſter of all, but — *Debitoribus noſtris.*

Into their paths, who for our zeale rebuke us,
Let us not enter — *Et ne nos inducas*

Satan

Satan uſurpes, Lord let us diſ-inthrone him,
Or we ſhall ever be --- *In tentationem*,

Let not the *world* and *fleſh* thy Servants ſwallow,
Sweet are their baits —*Sed libera nos à malo*,

And grant us ſuch an *Union*, that when
This *Prayer* is ſaid, we all may cry — *Amen*.

To an unnaturall Elder Brother that beguiled him of his Portion.

WEll may a ſtrangers fatall hand annoy us, (us;
When our own *Blond* conſpireth to deſtroy
Hadſt thou no other way to gaine from me
The livelyhood of my Poſterity,
But by a Fathers ſudden fall, to raiſe
Thy riches from the duſt of my decayes?
It is not well, nor can have good event,
For 'tis an ill exceeds all precedent.
Jacob had *Eſau's Birth-right*, but he gave
Him Porrage for his Portion, thou wouldſt have
All mine for nothing; doſt thou think that God's
Juſtice can proſper ſuch unequall odds?
Or doſt thou think that *Yonger Brothers* have
No title, but to *Ruine*, and the *Grave*?
You are deceived, and you ere long will be
Miſtaken in my *Birth-right*, as in *Me*.
To force a *Brothers Right* (if underſtood)
Is like the taking of a *Brothers Blood*.

An Allarme in 1645.

1.

BRing a Light, The Foe's in ſight;
Prethee forgive me,
That I muſt thus leave thee in the Night;
My Bliſs, Take this, and this,
Sleep well, I'le keep 'till
My happy returne, a parting kiſſe,
Thou wouldſt free my life from feares,
Yet thy wet Eye
Drownes me with teares,
Wipe thoſe faire pearles from thine eye,
And heare thy Souldiers
Lullaby.

2.

Sweet ſleep, lye ſtill my Deare,
Dangers be ſtrangers
For ever, unto thy eye or eare
No ſounds, or wo for wounds;
Number thy ſlumbers,
Or dare to approach within thy bounds;
But ſuch Songs as *Seraphs* ſing,
Which move by Love
Unto their King.
That thy ſight, touch, taſt, or ſmells
May ſay, all joy
In hearing dwells.

3.

And when thou wakeſt agen,
Fortune importune
Thy ſenſes to ſee us happy Men,
— That we may ſo agree,
Dangers of ſtrangers
May never deſtroy our Unity:
So ſhall Peace aſcend her Throne,
For than each man
May claime his owne;
We like raging ſeas will run,
That meet and fight,
Then flow in one.

4.

So ſhall all ſweete Joyes content thee,
That Ayre, Earth, or ſea affords,
Tables ſhall be ſpread with plenty,
Sickles ſhall be made of ſwords:
Horſes ſhall no more weare Armour,
That were plunder'd from the Plow,
Whilſt the doubtfull frighted Farmour,
Queſtiond is, *For whom are you?*

5.

Private jarres ſhall be relinquiſh'd,
Every man ſhall have his owne,
Thine and mine ſhall be diſtinguiſh'd,
And no Seeds of ſorrow ſowne;
Comfort come to all complayners,
That were frighted back with frowns,
Governours no more be gayners,
Which are now the Kings of Townes.

Moun-

6.

Mountains ſhall no more grow myriſh
With ſo many noble bloods,
Fickle French and idle Iriſh
That come over for our Goods,
And have had ſo much enjoyment
In the ruine of the Land,
Shall be ſet to fit employment
By the power of ſtrong Command.

7.

Bulwarks then ſhall all be ſlighted
To let in our Trades encreaſe,
Church and State ſhall be united
'Tis the Paradiſe of Peace;
Merchants feare no navall dangers
Or from their own Colours go,
But hold free Commerce with ſtrangers,
Neighbour-nations ſhould do ſo.

8.

Midnight calls, and I muſt leave thee,
This ſhall purchaſe my releaſe,
May not ſuch ſweet dreames deceive thee
That pretend a prudent Peace?
War with this dark night fly over
And all joy riſe with the Light:
Thus thy Lipps with mine I cover
One kiſs more, and then Good night.

An

An Elegy and Epitaph composed on the death of an Infant Lady.

GReat King of *Golgotha*, grim *God* of fears,
Whose Throne is made of thirsty Sepulchers,
That (by the vertue of thy cold commands)
Destroy'st more *lives*, then there be *stars* or *sands*,
From vvhose cadaverous imbraces, none
Are free'd until the *Resurrection*;
Attend my *Summons* (for the powers divine
Decree, that I must one day bow to thine)
And tell me why thou hast imploy'd that dart
Which perforated *Alexanders* heart
Upon this *Infant Lady*? whose fair eyes
Could not but quell the keenest cruelties,
The fiercest *Tyrant* that red *Ireland* bears,
Might have been conquer'd with one smile of hers:
Her dumb complaints would have wrought more
Then all the reason of the best Logitian. (contrition,
Do but consider *death* what thou hast done
Upon our *Albion Isle* since *Forty one*;
Remember who have suffer'd by thy frown
These ten years, 'twixt the *Cottage* and the *Crown*;
What *souls* are fled, will not all these suffice,
But thou wilt deal in Cradle cruelties?
Methinks the *mother* of that fragrant *bud*
(As fruitful in her *vertue* as her *bloud*)
Might have prevail'd with thee, but oh I see
No reason can reduce thy tyranny.

Therefore wee'l ſtop the floud of further Paſſion
With this Celeſtial conſideration ;
That though thou haſt tore off her fleſhly clothing,
Her *Soul* ſhall be a Saint, when thou art nothing.

The Epitaph.

1

Ladies that are young and wiſe,
Shall I tell ye of a *Prize?*
Here a *Box of Beauty* lies.

2

A *Jewel* hid from vulgar view,
Whoſe excellency if you knew,
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

3

Dame-Natures Diamond, which when
She ſaw it was too bright for men,
Shew'd it, and ſhut it up agen.

On the event of theſe Wars betwixt the Dutch *and* Engliſh.

SOme are ſuch ſilly *Statiſts*, that they wiſh
Our *Engliſh* loſs may fill the *Dutchman's* diſh;
But moſt of them (I know) be ſuch as are
A *ſuffering Party* in our *Civil War* :
I feel the ſame diſeaſe too, but would never
Exchange an *Ague* for a *Burning Feaver*.

On

On thoſe women, who pretend that poverty provoketh to inchaſtity.

SHall *poverty* deſtroy us? Is the *mind*
(The noble temper of the ſoul) confin'd
To ſuch a baſeneſs, that we cannot be
Our ſelves, unleſs we hug *proſperity*?
Shall we confeſs an *Hell?* conceit withall,
There is an *Heaven*, where the *Angelical*
Receive immortal *joy*? Shall we believe
It vvas ordain'd for *poor ones*, ſuch as grieve
In a continual vvant? and hourly groan
Under the burthen of affliction?
And ſhall vve be ſo ſenſeleſs to agree,
That vertuous *ſouls* can fall by *poverty*?
Tell me, *intemperate creatures*, in vvhat ſtate
Did ye ſalute the vvorld at firſt? vvhat rate
Were your gay garments priz'd at, vvhen you cry'd
For needful coverture, no *Robes* for *pride*?
When as the pregnant *breſt* gave more content
Then the profuſeſt *Banquets* ye have ſpent,
Uſher'd vvith *Wine* and *Muſique*? when nor wit,
Nor beſt *inventions* could your Pallat fit?
When all your learned *Cooks* could not retain
Sufficient *Art* to vvaſt your vvealth in vain?
But novv the *Spring of riot* is dravvn dry,
Ye cannot as you vvould; true poverty
Contents it ſelf vvith nought, and ſcorns to raiſe
A vvretched *riches* by ſiniſter vvayes:

Yet this recalls not you, but makes you gueſs
Ye have a warrant for your wickedneſs,
For when ſome virtuous Soul deſires to ſee
The Cauſe ye have, you ſhew your *Poverty*,
And ſom ſmall charge of Children, which you ſay
You muſt provide for 'gainſt their Marriage day:
Thus, fed by vice, they live, when they'r at *Age*,
Tis your damnation, proves their *Heritage*:
Admit your care be leſs, that y'are beguil'd
The procreated *Bleſſing* of a child,
Your Cauſe is ſo much leſſer, will you give
Your pretious *Soul* to make one *Body* live?
Sure your kind *Parents* were not ſo unwiſe
As not to teach your hands ſome myſteries,
To keep your *Body* ſpotleſs, and preſerve
Your *Soule*, which (of the two's moſt like to ſtarve)
Endeavour then, they'r poor beyond all fear,
That are not worth the *fleſh* and *blood* they wear;
Tell me (ye pitied Spectacles of woe)
How will your *pride*, and your rich rayment ſhow,
When as your ſordid *Suitors* ſhall proclaim
Ye won them by an *Act* ye dare not name?
When they ſhall tell their neighb'ring *Lechers* how
They wrought upon your willingneſs, and ſhew
(In their rank *Ribaldry*) how *hot* and *high*
Your wantonneſs advanc'd their *luxury*?
Who will conceit ſuch a lewd thing as this
Did e're know chaſtity? or that there is
So great a vertue reſident? or think
She ever priz'd it, that thus low could ſink?

Not

Not I, believe me, I'le as ſoon allow
Poyſon and *Balm* may from one iſſue flow;
For ſhe whom want will make a Wanton, doth
Make foul *Adultery* the Nurſe of Sloth.

The Proſelite.

1

FArewel thou deareſt of my *Crimes*,
Be never more th' abuſer of my *Times*,
Leſt that I curſe too late
The errors of that *Fate*,
Which made me love thee;
All ye Deities divine
Strengthen this requeſt of mine;
Then may I ſay,
Frail delight paſs away,
I am rul'd by a Power that is above thee.

2

No more ſhall thy ſeducing ſmiles,
Thy winning *looks*, or other ſweet beguiles
Have power to withdraw
My heart from Love, by Law
Seal'd to another:
Cupid I thy power defie,
Thou'rt a flatte'ring *Deity*;
And there are none,
But confeſs thee the Son
Of a *fair*, *fooliſh*, *fickle* wanton Mother.

To the much honored Pair, and moſt pious Preſervers of Love and Loyalty in Wedlock, Mr. Nathaniel Lownes *Merchant Adventurer, &c. and the perfect Patern of Vertue* Mrs. Melior Lownes *his beloved Conſort.*

MY *Muſe* ſalutes ye *both*, who to your *worth*
Devotes her *love*, and holds my ſervice forth.
All happineſs that the Celeſtial Powers
Ordain for men, wait upon you and yours.
Treaſure, long life, love, liberty, and *myrth*
Dwell with ye, till ye find *heaven upon earth*;
True Concord be your guide, and may no paſſion
On either ſide, provoke a ſeparation.
In medio conſiſtit virtus; vve
Find in your loves a *meliority*:
(Which is moſt permanent) what is belovv
That, or above it, is too *faſt*, or *ſlow*:
Health, peace, and *plenty*, vvith all joyes that can
Add vigour to the noble ſoul of man;
Erect your ſpirits, may ye never be
Expos'd to any infelicity;
But may that *God*, vvhich hath *heaven* for his *home*,
Guide you in this vvorld, and the vvorld to come.

Such are the wiſhes of a
Servant to both your Vertues;

THO. JORDAN.

On

On Reaſon.

WOuldſt thou have all things ſubject unto thee?
Be ſubject then to *Reaſons Monarchy*;
Thou ſhalt be *Conqueror of many*, if
Reaſon may be thy Governor in chief:
Wouldſt thou command a *little world*? then be
King of thy ſelf, 'tis a ſafe Soveraignty.

On Henry *the* VIII.

HEnry the *VIII.* as ſtory ſaith,
Was a King ſo unjuſt,
He nere did ſpare man in his vvrath,
Nor vvoman in his luſt.

An Epigram on one, who ſaid, He liv'd by his wits.

PAmphlet laſt vveek in his fantaſtique fits,
Was ask'd hovv he did live, He ſaid, By's *wits*:
Pamphlet I ſee vvill tell lyes by the Clock,
Hovv can he live upon ſo poor a ſtock?

On Ribaldry.

OF all deteſted vices, none (to me)
Appears more vain then verbal *Ribaldry*:
For he vvho to ſuch talk his mind doth bend,
Is like that *dog*, vvhoſe tail is at's *tongues end.*

Good Wits may Jump.

A *Good Wit* brought unto a *Stationer*
A *Manuſcript*, that ſo he might prefer
His volume to the *Preſs*; but e're that he
Could make a Bargain for his *Poeſie*,
The *Book-ſeller* (whoſe aimes were for his profit)
Deſires the *Author* he would *read* ſome of it;
The *Writer* reads ſome ſix or ſeven leaves,
Which having done, the *Stationer* conceives
That it was *old*, and ſtrait begins to look
(As memory led him) in a *printed book*,
Lays it before our *Author* on the *board*,
And reads the *Tranſcript* to him *word for word*:
The *Puet* puzled at it, 'gins to pump
For an excuſe, and cryes, *Good Wits may Jump.*

On a School-Maſter.

A *Country Pedant* of ſoul ſoft and ſilly,
(Whoſe reading nere exceeded *William Lilly*
In's *Ranks* and *Files* of *Subſtantives*) began
His Brags to a more learned Countryman,
And ſaid, he took a Child the other day,
From *women-tutors*, which (e're long) ſhould ſay
His *Grammer Rules* by *heart*, and (in two years)
He'd make him a *good Scholar*; th' other ſneers,
And anſwers him agen, *Come Doctor, come,*
You know that *Charity begins at home.*

An

An Elegy and Epitaph on the deplored death of the much worthy William Barklay Eſquire, *one of the Aldermen of the City of* London; *dedicate to* Mr. Hen. Barklay.

STay, and releaſe my wonder! you that can
Reſolve what may compleat a perfect man
So abſolute, that future times may well
Admire at, but ſhall never parallel;
Let him be wiſe and learn'd, his better part
Be richly furniſh'd with tranſcendent Art;
Let Nature be his friend, and in his mind
Let *vertues* choice indovvments be refin'd:
He vvill come ſhort of him, whoſe body lyes
At this time floating in his Mourners eyes;
For in this Monument is one in whom
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* took up their *room*;
One who hath gather'd *vertues* (ſince his birth)
Enough to crovvn a man in *heaven* and *earth*;
When *acts* of *equity* were in his truſt,
He ever vvas both *merciful* and *juſt*;
The poor he pitied, but his ſoul vvould nere
To vitious *greatneſs* turn *Idolater*:
He had (indeed) a *heart* vvhich the vvorſt times
Could never tempt to profitable crimes;
His thoughts vvere pure, his actions *free*, his *ſtore*
Was made a good Exchequer for the poor;
Though envy oft on vertue doth attend,
He forced envy's ſelf to be his friend:

By

By this the knowing Reader well may ſee
The brittle *State* of beſt mortality:
Let man be nere ſo perfect in his *parts*,
And have the accompliſhments of all the *Arts*,
Though he live long and well, yet ſhall he have
No earthly gratulation, but a *grave*:
Forbear more words (my phantſie) thou'rt too weak,
Great griefs are ſilent, whil'ſt ſmall ſorrows ſpeak:
Although his body ſleep, till the *day* come
Shall reunite him to his antient home;
His ſoul is mounted on *Seraphick wings*,
Unto the Manſion of the *King* of *Kings*.

The Epitaph.

1

WEep *Reader*, weep, for if we ſee
Thy Fonntains dry, no man will be
Perſwaded to relent for thee.

2

In this monumental clay
Lies pious *duſt*, till it obey
The Summons of the *latter day*.

3

You that ranſack earth and Skies
For all worth which *good men* prize,
Look no further, *Here it lies*.

4

Let your truer tears attend it,
When all ſtudious men have pen'd it,
This mans *Name* will comprehend it;

5

But (to ſum up all in brief)
He whoſe eyes are void of grief,
Hath a heart without belief.

6

He whoſe *ſoul* doth not deſire
To weep before he do retire,
Would laugh, were all the world on fire.

On Intemperance.

HE that devotes himſelf to *wrath*, or *wine*,
Is not his own *friend*, and can nere be mine.

On pious Poverty.

NOne but a *vicious rich man* will deſie
The low eſtate of pious poverty.

On vain delights.

IN ſeeking to obtain delights we loſe 'um,
Dalila's lap leads not to *Abrahams boſom.*

On the Euchariſt.

SEe the wide difference 'twixt *wine* and *grace*,
One warms the *Spirit*, tother fires the *face*.
So he whoſe *faith* drinks oth' *Communion Bowl*,
Shall feel the inflammation in his *ſoul*.

The material ſubſtance of our Creed contracted in twelve lines.

I Do believe in *God*, Lord of Creation,
And in his *Son Chriſt Jeſus* (our Salvation)
Conceived by the *Holy Ghoſt*, (who did
Both from the *Father* and the *Son proceed*)
Born of the Virgin *Mary's* womb, and died
A cruel *death*, by *Pilat* crucified;
Was *dead* and *buried*, did *deſcend*, and on
The third day riſe on earth, next to his Throne;
From thence he'l come to Judgment; I believe
One *Church*, one *Spirit*, and I do conceive
Saints have *Communion*, *Reprobates* rejection,
Sins pardon, ſoul and body's Reſurrection.

The ten Commandements in ten lines.

GOd ſpake theſe words, and ſaid, I am thy God,
That brought thee from the power of *Egypts rod*,
And thou ſhalt have no other Gods but me,
Thou ſhalt not worſhip any Imagery;
Thou ſhalt not take my ſacred Name in vain,
The holy Sabbath day thou ſhalt maintain;
Honor thy *Parents*, and thy daies I'le further
With *length* and *plenty*, Thou ſhalt do no murther:
Thou ſhalt no vile Adultery commit,
Thou ſhalt not *ſteal*, no nor purloin (by wit)
Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs 'gainſt thy Neighbor,
Nor covet what is his (by right, or labour.)

The

The happy estate of the Blessed, Matth. 5,

1

YE wealthy souls, that being *poor in merit*,
Are by Gods sentence allow'd *rich in spirit*;
Heaven is made your Kingdom, Angels be
Your glorious guides to bliss------*Blessed are ye.*

2

You that with grief do mourn and relent,
Bedew your cheeks; till your wet eyes are spent,
You shall be comforted by Gods Decree,
And one day joy as much------*Blessed are ye.*

3

You that are meek and humble in your minds
Mark what felicity your meekness finds;
The large earth your inheritance shall be
And heaven at the last-----*Blessed are ye.*

4

You hungry thirsty souls, whose appetite
Desires but *righteousness*, receive your mite,
You shall be filled, *Christ* your bread will be,
Feed and be thankful then------*Blessed are ye.*

5

You that are *merciful*, hope to obtain
Mercy again, ye cannot hope in vain;
God is your stedfast Anchor, and will he
Leave you to shipwrack? no------*Blessed are ye.*

6

You that in *mind*, in *heart*, in *ſoul* are pure,
Gold purg'd from droſs, that can the touch indure,
Happy are ye, your *excellence* ſhall ſee
Gods brightneſs *face to face*----- *Bleſſed are ye.*

7

You whom vile men unrighteouſly revile,
If you remain but patient all the while
For *Jeſus* ſake, ſhall ſure rewarded be
More then an hundred fold----- *Bleſſed are ye.*

8

Ye perſecuted ſouls that ſuffer wrong
For *righteouſneſs*, and want a pleading tongue
To tell your grief, your joy compleat ſhall be,
Your Kingdom *Heaven is*----- *Bleſſed are ye.*

9

Rejoyce and be exceeding glad, for great
Will your reward be from Gods Mercy Seat;
Can a rewarding Maſter better be,
Then our dear Saviour Chriſt?----- *Bleſſed are ye.*

10

So were the *Prophets* perſecuted, they
Suffer'd your wrongs. whom cruel men did ſlay;
They have their Saviours bounty, then agree
To bear their ſorrows, and----- *Bleſſed are ye.*

The wretched estate of the curſed,
Deut. 27.

1

THere is a cruel wretch, whoſe watchful eye
Stands Centinel; that he (moſt ſecretly)
Might ſmite his Neighbour where ſo e're he be,
God's curſe o'retakes his fact------*Curſed is he.*

2

That faithleſs man, who for his ſole defence
Cleaves to mans frailty without care, or ſenſe
Of God, or his juſt power, let all agree
With one conſent, to cry------*Curſed is he.*

3

There is a ſlave ſo cruel and unkind,
That will pervert the footſteps of the blind,
And lead them from their journey, all that be
Chriſtians, will ſurely ſay------*Curſed is he.*

4

A vile tranſgreſſor too, I cannot miſs
An *Image-worſhipper*, and one that is
A friend to Wooden Saints, let him not be
A patern for our lives------*Curſed is he.*

5

He that's *unmerciful*, *adulterous*,
A *Fornicator*, or one *covetous*,
And many ſuch great evils, God will ſee
His true amendment, els------*Curſed is he.*

He

6

He that in Judgment hindereth the right
Of Fatherless, or Widows, in God's sight
His unjust Judgment stands, who will not see
His sin unpunished------*Cursed is he:*

7

But there's a *Judas*, who reward will take
To murther Innocents, (my Saviours sake
Doth make me now relent) but let him be
Subject unto his bane------*Cursed is he.*

8

But now a Caytiff, heathenish and vile,
I must declare, a disobedient Child;
A *Parent-Curser*, who deserves to be
Cursed of all the world------*Cursed is he.*

9

There is a craft crept in the Country Sir,
Which is to bear his Neighbours Landmark far
From its true place of residence, to be
For his unlawful use------*Cursed is he.*

10

Here is another *Justice* will not spare,
An hot, lascivious, loose Adulterer,
That whores his Neighbours wife, and makes him be
The laughing-stock of Fools------*Cursed is he.*

FINIS.